

The History of

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare the power of Percy is to weake,
To wage an instant triall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of al the land together.

The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuales and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my L. he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse, yet, needfull 't is to feare,
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell, speede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the King
Dismissle his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of out confederacy,
And, 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste I must go write againe
To other friendes & to fare well, sir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince The Southerne wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then, with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to thote that winne.

The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well:
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes,

As

Henry the

As now we meete. You haue d
And made vs doffe our easie r
To crush our old lims in vnge
This is not well, my Lord, this
What say you to it? will you ag
This churlish knot of all abho
And moue in that obedient o
Where you did giue a faire and
And be no more an exhal'd me
A prodigie of feare, and a port
Of broched mischiefe to the v

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could b
To entertaine the lag end of m
With quiet houres. For I prote

I haue not sought the day of th

King. You haue not sought it

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way

Prin Peace, chewet peace.

Wor. It please your Maiesty

Of fauour, from my selfe, and

And yet I must remember you

We were the first and dearest

For you my staffe of office di

In Richards time, & posted da

To meet you on the way, and k

When yet you were in place, a

Nothing so strong and fortuna

It was my selfe, my brother an

That brought you home, and

The dangers of the time. You s

And you did sweare that oth a

That you did nothing purpose

Nor claime no further, then yo

The seat of Gaunt, Dukedome

To this, we swore our aide: bu

It rained down fortune thowrin

And such a flood of greatnes fe